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# IN HEINE'S GARDEN

BY

THEODORA ADELHEID THOMSON

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WITH A DECORATION

BY

J. WESLEY LITTLE



WILLIAMSPORT

1915

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“ Aus alten Maerchen winkt es  
Hervor mit weisser Hand ;  
Da singt es und da klingt es  
Von einem Zauberland———”





## IN HEINE'S GARDEN

### I

The mists have cleared that wrapped the sombre  
woods for days;

A watching robin chants with all his might;  
The patient fields lie still, beneath the sunset flush  
That stains the moving clouds with rosy light:

The hills stand up against a reredos of flame,  
Mute sentinels that guard from vulgar sight  
The royal, sacrificial offering that day  
Brings to the altar of the coming night.

## IN HEINE'S GARDEN

### II

Darting from his silken nest,  
Quivering in the scent-filled air,  
Dipping in the rose's breast,  
Flashing here and flashing there—

Flies the humming bird along,  
Gleaming like the sun and sea—  
Scattering, in lieu of song,  
Bursts of visual melody.

## IN HEINE'S GARDEN

### III

A dying rose's petals once I cast  
Unthinking, on the softly moving air,  
Which bore them, where a crooning river passed,  
And dropped them lightly on its bosom fair.

Lapped by the waves, their slackened petals curled,  
Then floated on—a fleet of crimson ships—  
Exhaling perfume where the eddies swirled,  
Sweet as a maiden's unsundered lips.

## IN HEINE'S GARDEN

### IV

Dear butterfly, beyond the grape-vines,  
In the radiant morning light  
Showing, 'gainst the crimson roses,  
As a drifting speck of white,

Tossed about by careless breezes—  
Like hawthorn floating in the air—  
Though the roses last till autumn  
Thou, to-morrow, wilt be where?

## IN HEINE'S GARDEN

### V

The Northwind blew across my garden fair,  
His icy hands stripped all the branches bare;  
Where'er he breathed the flowers knew decay  
And lost a summer's glory in a day.

But lo! on all the drooping heads appears  
A mist-born veil, as if of frozen tears:  
Kissed by the sun, behold, my garden gleam,  
Bright answers flashing to each ardent beam.

## IN HEINE'S GARDEN

### VI

By the shore where my garden endeth,  
And the pebbles glow like pearls,  
I saw the breakers uprearing  
To fall into eddying swirls.

Sheer masses of strong green water,  
Driven on by the masses behind,  
And casting their spray, like favors,  
On the breast of the following wind.

They break, that foam may be fashioned  
Of the wrack of their strength and might—  
Foam flowers, as evanescent  
As dream-faces, seen in the night.

## IN HEINE'S GARDEN

### VII

I breathed upon the winter window-pane  
And quickly, as by magic hand,  
Was born a tiny mountain-chain  
That grew into a fairyland—

A wilderness of frosty lines  
With crags and castles, half revealed,  
Behind the minaret-shaped pines  
That steep and thread-like paths concealed:

And silver ferns and flowers bloomed,  
Near where a giant rock-rift showed  
Where distant haunted caverns gloomed,  
And where,—but ah! the sunbeams glowed.

## IN HEINE'S GARDEN

### VIII

Lean-limbed and gaunt against the shifting tide,  
Of cloud and sky, that turns from gold to lead,  
A lonely pine rears on the mountain side,  
Austere and gloomy, his unbending head.  
Slow winds, that through his dark green needles  
    blow,  
Chant sombre songs of dead idolatries;  
And 'neath his branches wander, to and fro,  
Unformed desires and vague mysteries.

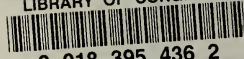








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